Its days like this when I take a moment to entertain solipsism to overcome the torturous boredom of being in a classroom. I’m pretending to type everything the professor has to say when in fact, I'm actually just browsing the internet and writing down my thoughts to pass the time.

 But what if the world around me is indeed just a projection of my thoughts? What if the professor is merely a metaphysical manifestation that me and my classmates just happen to experience simultaneously? What if my classmates aren’t real? These people don’t seem too bad for imaginary classmates, I guess. Except maybe for the guy sitting in front of me, chewing gum incessantly while playing solitaire on his laptop--He’s a textbook frat boy by the looks of it. But he might just as well be a negative projection caused by anomalous brain activity.

And what if maybe, just maybe, the girl sitting next to me, the epitome of my romantic fascination, is just a figment of my imagination? Perhaps that’s how I can properly explain why the bassline for *The Police’s Every Breath You Take* plays on cue every time she takes off her aviator sunglasses, revealing her smoky blue eyes as she walks into the room. The stray strands from her otherwise neatly-coifed hair would float gracefully in the air as the wind blows through the door. She would walk to her chair in her film-noir era dress with the incisive steps of a ballerina--a post-millennial femme fatale that would render any man speechless with her elegance. She would adjust the chair, then turn to me and smile as she sits... And all I have is a nervous smirk as a response. This happens almost every time, and I still don‘t know how to counteract such awkwardness only a stammering clueless nerd is capable of. Why don’t I stare at the ceiling, instead?

 A girl this perfect can never exist in real life. That thing only happens in cleverly edited sappy movies you know? It just can‘t happen. All of this is just controlled hallucination---a skill developed from years of battling the monotony of being incarcerated in a classroom. Maybe it’s about time to put it into practice, and finally rule my own world:

In thirty seconds, my imaginary professor will conclude today’s lecture. The object of my affection would then stand up and walk towards the door without losing composure, but then her books would spill out as she grabs her bag precariously laying on the desk. Then I would run to help her, and introduce myself in an irresistibly masculine impression of Robert de Niro in Taxi Driver:

 “I’m standing here. You make the move. You make the move. It’s your move.

You talking to me? You talking to me? I’m the only one here. Who the f\*\*\* do you think you’re talking to?”

 Then, I’d point a finger pistol at her and boom… “Waaaaah! Class is over… I’m outta here… Laterz… Booyah!”